1346 m 38

A PROPER

REPLY

TO A

LADY,

Occaſioned by her VERSES addreſs'd to the

IMITATOR

OF THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF THE

Second Book of HORACE.

By a GENTLEMAN.

LONDON:
Printed for T. OSBORNE, in *Gray's Inn*, near the Walks.
(Price Six Pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

A PROPER

REPYL

TO A

LADY,

BY A

GENTLEMAN.

WHAT Luſt of Malice, what ſalacious Spite
'Gainſt her *Alcæus Sappho* moves to write?
It muſt be *Sappho*. — Who can chuſe but gueſs
Whence ſprings this clam'rous Womaniſh Addreſs?
Sappho alone cou'd take the baſe Pretence
To frame this vulgar virulent Defence,
And vent rank Wit at Modeſty's Expence.
Sappho, when young, was kind and tender all,
But now in Age begins to Caterwawl;
And ſince her Elegiac Vigour fails,
Envious in Impotence of Satire rails.

Our

Our Father *Orpheus* with leſs frantic Rage
The Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus* did engage;
Sappho too haply had her Heav'nly Load,
And rav'd at *Pope* full of the drunken God.
Cou'd gen'rous Wines ſuch Wrath obſcene inſpire?
A Citron Draught ſure ſet her Muſe on Fire.
Fondly She hop'd with Ribaldry of Sound,
Pope, thy harmonious Numbers might be drown'd;
But when her feeble Pen can nought avail,
The Bacchanal thy Perſon will aſſail,
And to claw *Pope* indulge a Growth of Nail.
For gentler Combats form'd, 'twou'd ſhock our Sight,
To view a Lady-Gladiator fight.
Women to ſcribble, ſoftneſs muſt diveſt,
As fighting Amazons cut off a Breaſt.
If ſilly Woman firſt will War declare,
Her Weakneſs Man no more is bound to ſpare.
Were She a *Venus*, taking thus the Field,
Beauty 'gainſt *Diomede* wou'd prove no Shield.
'Tis *Homer*'s Tale. — And we may well ſuppoſe
The *Greek* Original learn'd *Sappho* knows,
If not — a Siſter has it in *French* Proſe.

By

By luſcious Diction were She not betray'd,
We might from Spleen ſuſpect the antient Maid;
But ſure an antient Maid wou'd hardly chuſe
To fetch her filthy Metaphors from Stews;
Her Luſt of Hate we never did diſtruſt,
Nor do we ſcruple much her Love of Luſt.
The Romp a Rod deſerv'd at Boarding-ſchool,
And now turn'd Scold deſerves a Ducking-ſtool.

Satire ſhou'd like a poliſh'd Razor keen,
Wound with a Touch, that's ſcarcely felt or ſeen:
What does her Ladyſhip for Heaven's Sake mean?
'Tis by our Barbers to a Man averr'd,
Razors, tho' poliſh'd, are ſeen, felt, and heard,
But Ladies may miſtake — who have no Beard.
Her Satire proves, tho' blunt, a Whetting-ſtone
To edge *Pope*'s hacking Oyſter-knife upon.
'Tis her own Language — and ſuch trivial Phraſe
The Uniformity of Fate diſplays;
While in the Fury of her vengeful Hate,
The Oyſter-knife betrays the *Billingſgate*.
His Lines are like rude Thiſtles, — I won't call
Sappho the Thiſtle-mumbling Animal.

Pope without Cauſe, 'tis ſaid, can be ſevere,
What has She from him, if provoked, to fear?
Pure Indignation makes a Bard, we know,
How may an angry Bard then ſting his Foe?
If of *Archilochus* e'er *Sappho* read,
Let her the keen Iambic Vengeance dread,
And tho' She ſcorns the Heart, yet tremble at the Head.

While howling Wolves infeſt the Moon-ſhine Night,
Cynthia rolls on ſtill miniſtring her Light;
Yet us poor Mortals their ſhrill Yellings vex:
The fierceſt Wolves are of the Female Sex.

Curious Artificer of numerous Feet,
Like *Homer* nervous, and like *Horace* neat;
Great Prince of Poets, in whoſe Works we find
A tuneful Excellence of ev'ry kind.
Phœbus Vice-gerent, High-prieſt of the Nine,
Bearing all Enſigns of the Pow'r Divine;
To whom his Sceptre our Poetic God
Long ſince had giv'n, now gives his chaſt'ning Rod.
I ſeek not abjectly by Incenſe mean
To win thy Favour, and my Dullneſs ſcreen;

Studi-

Studious a ſecond *Dunciad* to foreſtall;
If I deſerve it, let the Judgment fall.
Scourge me, O Scourge me on *Apollo*'s Part,
And Godlike vindicate the Sacred Art.

Cibber the Bays may wear by private Choice,
Pope is a *Laureat* of the Publick Voice.
As the bright Deity huge *Python* ſlew,
Pope his unerring Bow at *Ch——s* drew,
At *W——rs*, *Sappho*, and the monſtrous Crew,

Few are his Readers, well ſuppoſe it true,
He writes for Virtue, and her Friends are few.
Sappho's Invectives but his Perſon hit,
Yet that's the Quinteſſence of Female Wit.

When God was pleas'd this beauteous World to frame,
The Clay of Brutes and Men was juſt the ſame,
He ſtampt his Image on the human Mind,
There the Divine Similitude confin'd;
Nor ought it matters as to outward Shape,
To be a Lady, Yahoo, or an Ape.

So happy is her Talent for Abuſe,
The Scripture Language in her Hand is looſe.

What was the tempting Fruit grave Doctors doubt,
But ſprightly *Sappho* clearly makes it out,
Who does not plain this Myſtery conceive,
When She the Devil ſtyles the Snake of Eve.
Her wanton Terms inſinuate the Rape
On Eve committed in the Serpent's Shape.

How cou'd my Lady prove ſo quaint a Clerk,
Juſt on the Vagrant's Back to fix the Mark?
Sappho, reſume thy Bible, 'tis writ there,
In marking *Cain* 'twas Heav'ns peculiar Care,
That whoſo found him ſhould the Wand'rer ſpare;
And oh! the Sequel dread! for there you're told
The Vengeance on *Cain*'s Murth'rer was ſeven-fold.

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM 12 APR 27